2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

is convenient. Each person has his own wooden bowl and 264
wooden spoon. They roll up their pancakes and dip them in [415]
their bowl of thick vegetable soup or take up the soup with
the spoon. The head woman of the house apportions a fair 262
share to each, and I fear there is rarely enough to allow of
second helpings.

The art of rationing the family all through the year is recognized as a difficult one; each able-bodied man is entitled to double a woman's ration, but the expectant or nursing mother gets a larger share than the other women; each child after weaning gets a certain ration according to its age.

If a *rúli gus* (housewife-in-chief) is over-generous with her 262
rationing during the post-harvest months of plenty the whole 586
family may starve before next year; so a "competent woman"
is highly valued, and incompetence is a fair ground for divorce.
No ill-will is felt or expressed, but back she goes to the father
and mother who bred her.

The No. 1 Household consists of grandfather, a charming 592
old man, who proudly boasts that he built the house they live
in and himself laid out the fruit garden; his two sons, who now
do all the heavy work and who both are lucky enough to have
small jobs connected with the hospital—this accounts for the
family's relative well-to-do-ness; the elder son's wife is my
friend Bibi Gímo, the *rúli gus*; the younger son's wife is a
beautiful girl Naját, who became one of our best friends. In
a community where all faces are happy and kindly, she has
the happiest face I have ever seen, and a natural grace of
bearing and manner that would adorn any station in any
country. Naját so far has no children, but Bibi Gímo's married
daughter was staying with her at the moment. There is also
an adolescent daughter, Shukuru, who is already growing her
hair, and will no doubt presently be married; two nice boys of
perhaps thirteen and nine, and the two little girls I have men-
tioned already, Shamúli, say six, and Banu of three or four,
and I imagined there would ere long be another child.

On my second visit, since they had all been so kind to me, 526
I took a tiny rubber ball for Banu. It was a great success. Not
only she and Shamúli played with it, but the grown-ups

526 "stotted" it far more skilfully than I. They say the women and girls play a lot of ball, and in autumn the women sweep a smooth place under a willow tree, choose teams, and play matches! They *are* a sporting, jolly crowd. It is no use at all merely to bounce the ball and hit it down again as I did; you must spin round on your own axis between each stroke if it is to count. I didn't find this at all easy to learn at my age, and my feeble attempts gave much amusement. They laugh so openly and heartily that there is no offence in their merriment at your expense; even so, they are sensitive lest you might feel hurt, and Naját hastened to console me: "But, you see, you can read and write, and none of us can do that." So they saved my face for me, if it needed saving.

302 I had also brought a small coloured comb and offered it to Bibi Gímo for the children's fringes. All the youngsters, boys and girls alike, have their heads shaven—which makes for cleanliness—with just a neat fringe showing all round under their little caps. Banu at once appropriated the comb and started on her front hair, to the amusement of the congregation—which by now included many neighbours. She is the dearest little devil, and not a bit more grubby than any English child would be who played barefoot in a garden which is mostly half wet.

000 Whichever way I turned on my walks everyone was full of friendliness and welcome, and boys and girls ran along with me telling me all about their animals and naming anything I wanted; but I was longing to have David's company again, and felt rather mean to have been stealing marches on him and making friends in advance. I determined, however, that even after he was well enough to come out for walks I should still go back sometimes to sit with my women friends by myself. It would take too long to tell you about the other families I met and the people I made friends with: there were literally dozens. I solemnly entered their names in my little book and tried to memorize them all and assign them as well as I could to the different houses, but for a long time they all looked rather alike to me and all their dresses are much the same so that it was easy to confuse those I saw less often. Happily this

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

Chapter 19

HARVEST THANKSGIVING

THERE are a couple of minor items of the autumn harvest I have omitted to mention. In Aliabád, the widest and most gently sloping bay of the Hunza mountain side, there is for one short stretch of perhaps a mile a patch of ground above the level of possible fields before the steep cliff face begins. Through and above this run the third and fourth of our horizontal watercourses, offshoots from the Berber Channel that waters the higher levels of Báltit and derives also from the great glacier of the Ulter Ber, but takes off much higher up than the Dála. Sufficient water can occasionally be spared from these two channels (which in the main are needed to irrigate high-lying "gardens" of trees) to flood these rocky slopes, which then bring forth that rarest of Hunza products, natural grass. These *toqs*, as they are called, are divided into strips by loose stone walls and used as grazing grounds by whoever leases them. Two or even four families often combine to share a *toq*, and on your walks you will find children of various sizes in charge of a few animals; a small girl may be sitting gravely alone practising embroidery stitches on a strip of calico, a boy may be twisting the string of horse-gut for his catapult bow, a group may be romping together or playing a game like rounders with a home-spun cap for ball, or "horses" where half the players are mounted on the others' backs and the pairs charge each other to a fall, and any rider thrown becomes in turn a horse. When these livelier games begin to pall, a couple will withdraw to the edge of the little channel and scratch a draught-board on a level patch of ground and play with pebbles white and grey as men. The board is formed of triangles whose

WINTER AND THE "GREAT COLD"

miles daily to Báltít, as Yamán and a couple of our other young friends did, and attend the Government-supported school with the sons and grandsons of the Mir and the Wazir. Promising children of the more well-to-do can attend a more advanced school at Gilgit, and the really studious may even make their way down to Srinagar.

Ninety-nine per cent of the population, however, happily still remain illiterate, and have not fallen victims to compulsory education. When the people would question me about conditions in England, they were horrified to learn of such things as rates and income-tax, but even more aghast at the tyranny that compels both boys and girls to spend the years from five to fourteen at school. "But that's the time when they ought to be *learning things*," they said.

When my pleasant evening "By the Lamp" was ended and I had said good-bye, cautiously descended the ladder and mounted my waiting horse, I was shocked to see my host accompanying us carrying a tray of food. I had expressly stipulated that I would only accept his kind invitation on condition of not being laden with food gifts to take home. To my protests Kalbi said: "Yes, yes, Mother dear, it's all right. I'm not forgetting. I'm only taking up his supper to the sweeper."

With honourable simplicity the Hunzukuts abide by the fundamentals of Islam as they understand them. They may not be strong on ostentatious prayer and fasting, they rack their brains over no theological subtleties, but a Believer is a man and a brother, be he a Kashmiri, be he twenty times a sweeper. Here was a man of substance, a Levy, a grandfather, a much respected citizen in his small community, climbing a mile uphill to carry with his own hands a share of the evening's feast to his absentee guest. That the man was absent was no doubt a tactful concession to any caste-prejudice with which India might have infected me.

The boys lighten the monotony of the indoor weeks of the Great Cold by occasionally dashing out for a hasty game of foot polo or tipcat with their friends or keeping themselves warm with *mindak* matches. Such young men as are real dance

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

526 857 enthusiasts may dance every afternoon at The Gate, but they do not draw a large circle of spectators.

541 536 On one of the rare bright days that we were blessed with, word was sent us that a special show was being got up for that evening if we would care to come. We reached "The Gate" just before dusk and found a stone sofa duly carpeted for us. As the evening grew darker, the crowd became larger and the general feeling of infectious excitement increased, till at last the organizers of the show went round the crowd using their long sleeves as conductors' batons to mark time for the magnificent Ha-Ha-Ha and the unison clapping they so much enjoy. which now announced the arrival of the performers. A lot of young men had got themselves up in various disguises, pairs of them stooping under a blanket with a horse's head fixed in front, pranced about most realistically under two boy-riders. Two other pairs were got up as markhor with real horns in front, while a fantastic huntsman with an aged muzzle-loading matchlock stalked them with exaggerated caution. Five or six were dressed up as women with silken veils to hide their moustaches. The best of all were two bent old men with flowing white beards; they were dressed in sheepskins with huge humps on their backs, and tottered very effectively on stout sticks. They contrived to look very aged and very frail. Then they got up a sham quarrel about the wife of one whom the other was supposed to have stolen. Thereupon they laid about each other with their cudgels—very carefully smiting only each other's well-padded humps—and did amazing leaps with their staves as jumping poles, the one lighting on the other's back and rolling him in the dust. This excellent horseplay was wildly applauded.

There were two absurd little boys with tiny besoms who made admirable clowns. They fussed about, sweeping the ground just in front of the dancers and choking everyone with dust, getting kicked out of the way and looking innocently pained at being so misunderstood. When anyone was knocked down in the rough and tumble they would officiously dash up to brush him down and get cuffed for their pains.

Altogether it was an extremely clever rag, mostly nonsense

to have enough wool to spare for superfluities. The preciousness of boots accounts, I think, for a fact which puzzled us at first: you never see children, sporting as they are in every possible respect, sliding on the ice for fun. Boots are too valuable, and barefoot sliding would be a bit severe. Also, as David remarked, sliding and snowballing are games for such as can go home and change their clothes and get warm beside a nice big fire. These poor mites have at most one warm *choga* (and possibly a share of Father's on occasion) and a tiny fire at mealtimes only. Anyhow, they don't slide.

The bright weather of February 1st did not last, and though the cold was broken we reverted to gloomy grey weather and the ceiling of snow-cloud overhead. We knew that a week or two would bring the great festival of the Bopfau, or Barley Seed-Sowing, and we feared that it was going to take place in semi-darkness. But everyone assured us: "Oh no, it will be bright for the Bopfau." The great week drew near and we had heard no word from the Mir confirming his earlier invitation to come and stay at Kerimabad (his garden and rest-house in the park below the Fort at Báltít) for the occasion. We were beginning to fear that he had forgotten us and were wondering whether we could without offence remind him. Just as we were nearly in desperation and terribly afraid that we should wake some morning to be told that everything was over, a kind message came from him to say that he hoped we would come over on Wednesday afternoon. He himself would be away at Áltít, engaged with the preliminary ceremonies, but everything would be ready for us and we need only bring our own bedding. Now we knew that the GREAT DANCE was bound to take place on the Wednesday afternoon, and we feared that this meant that he did not specially want us at it—in which case, of course, there was nothing to be done.

We had a glorious ride over to Báltít on the Wednesday afternoon (of February 6th) in perfect weather, exactly as predicted. Various grandees had been told off to welcome us, a nice fire blazed in "our" beautifully furnished sitting-room, and the Mir's pet cook-for-European-guests, Mirza Hasan, was waiting with his best bedside manner to offer us tea. It was

then about three-thirty. We were gratefully drinking tea and thinking that after all if we were not to see the dance, there were compensations in a quiet afternoon, when Mirza Hasan came in with a most courtly grin to say that if we had finished we ought to mount at once as the Mir had sent word that all was ready and they were waiting our arrival to begin.

So we gulped the rest of our tea, leaped into the saddle again, and set off for Áltít, only a mile and a half away. As someone else has already remarked, however, mere miles in this sort of country are a misleading form of reckoning, since they all stand on their hind legs. Kerimabad and Báltít Fort are perched on the brink of a great cliff about 600 and 1,000 feet respectively above the Altít level. The ground on which they stand appears to be the ancient outpouring of the mighty ravine behind, whose glacier provides all the water for the central part of Hunza. The ground that forms the Báltít spur is not honest rock but finely powdered crumbly earth well strewn with boulders, and the zig-zag road that leads down it is not the kind of thing you would choose for a brisk canter. We scrambled down it with such reasonable caution as haste permitted, forded the torrent at the bottom—very small, of course, at this season—and made towards Áltít Fort. A fine stretch of open and (relatively) level ground lies on the landward side of the Fort, which in its turn is perched on a mighty rock cliff that falls a sheer 500 feet or more into the Hunza river, presenting a most inhospitable face to the Nagir enemy across the water. This open stretch of country explains the fact that Áltít was inhabited long before Báltít, and still remains the ceremonial centre for old-time festivals.

A lovely long polo-ground—the biggest in the Agency, except perhaps the one at Gilgit itself—flanked on both sides by a row of poplars and, of course, by low stone walls (you can no more have a polo-ground in these regions without walls than you could have a billiard table without cushions), leads towards the Fort. Even from the landward side the Fort rises up most impressively from the great rock on which it is built, and the village huddles round it close and tight. We skirted the polo-ground by a narrow path with high field walls rising

BARLEY SOWING AND "STARVATION SPRINGTIME"

Then the Mir, still wearing his royal robes, ploughed three parallel furrows and formally initiated the Barley Sowing of the year. In theory no true Hunzukuts will sow his barley till this ceremony has been performed, but we were told that in fact anyone who is ready earlier and thinks the time is ripe has not the slightest hesitation in going ahead with the good work. Never was a people so admirably full of common sense!

The Bopfau field was now deserted for the polo-ground; the crowd helter-skeltered down the wall, bringing the stones down on their heels in clouds of dust: the one and only time when I saw Hunza folk knock even one stone from its place without halting to replace it. We descended by the ladder with greater dignity and proceeded to the raised dais reserved for "The Great" on such occasions. Directly opposite the Grand Stand at the farther side of the ground was a little pile of earth about 2 feet high, and piled as steep as it would stand, on the side of which was fixed a target of brittle wood covered with a thin plaque of beaten silver. The mark was about 2 inches by 2½, and much the shape of an egg in profile.

Before the archery began all the Mir's horses in fine trappings were galloped down the field—the band thumping and piping as they came. Then the archers rode by carrying their immense bows of spliced wood faced with plates of ibex horn and strung with plaited leather. There were about thirty of them, including Prince Shah Khan ("Little Lord Fauntleroy") on a small pony with a full-sized bow nearly as long as himself. From the far end of the ground they came hurtling along one by one, coaxing their horses into a steadier gallop as they neared the mark, then flinging down the reins and firing as they passed. Some arrows flew a bit wide, but by far the greater number buried themselves to the feathers in the little earthen mound. A few horses sheered off, not permitting their riders to take a shot, and one fine animal, seeing the mound stuck as full of arrows as it could hold, decided that the game was a steeplechase and cleared the mound in a magnificent leap, evoking much laughter. One man, a very William Tell, split the target through the very centre to thunderous applause.

BARLEY SOWING AND "STARVATION SPRINGTIME"

796 526 Lord Fauntleroy came along riding full gallop as if born in the saddle and got his arrow well into the mound of earth, to his father's justifiable delight: "the boy is only learning," he modestly explained.

There were three courses of archery, at each of which the mark was won. The archer who strikes the target is entitled to pocket it for his reward, but on the two last occasions it was only grazed; I suppose that William Tell was debarred from further competition. If the targets had not been hit they would have fallen as perquisites to the bandsmen. After the archery there was going to be polo, but the Mir thoughtfully suggested that this was a thing of which we had seen enough for life, and perhaps we should like to ride home before the crush. It was by now two o'clock, and we had had nothing to eat since a very early breakfast, so we gratefully made our adieux. DL was fairly weary: there are few things more exhausting than wielding a 16 mm. cine-camera in adverse circumstances at eye-level.

000 We scrambled up the crumbling cliffs to Kerimabad again and found that the invaluable Mirza Hasan was awaiting us with a welcome spread of tea and cakes. He had observed us zig-zagging up the hill. You can't, of course, easily arrive anywhere in Hunza unobserved if you come by the one and only road. Dádo got busy packing up our kit, and we made ready to start back on the road to Aliábád. Before we left, the Mir himself returned, and we were able to thank him once again, and congratulate him on his royal weather. He was delighted that we had taken the whole affair so seriously and done our best to put its main features on record; as far as he can grasp what DL's work is all about, he feels proud and happy that Hunza customs are considered of so much interest and importance. He said he thought he remembered one British officer having attended the Bopfau many, many years ago, but he could not recall the name, and we have not been able to trace any record left by this predecessor. It would be extremely interesting to have an earlier account of it all.

The two glorious days of Bopfau weather were almost a miracle: a very suitable miracle for a Chief traditionally

expected to reply: "It is God's will. Accidents will happen. After all, they are beasts of the mountain and the wild." He is reckoned a churlish fellow who institutes enquiries and demands compensation, though no one denies his right to it. The liberty to indulge in an occasional free feed is, we understood, sparingly taken and not abused.

With luck a she-goat will yield enough milk while up on the summer pastures to make two *maltash*, i.e. two birch bark parcels of butter for storage. If the goat is a trustee goat the herd is expected to hand one *maltash* to her owner and to keep the balance as his fee. Sheep's milk is poor in fat content and yields little butter, so it is usually devoted to making *brús* and *rakhpín*, a kind of hard, dried curd which has great lasting qualities and the appearance of a cake of soap.

The day that the herds return from the mountain with their charges is a festive one for the villages. Large parties go out to meet the returning absentees. Before finally leaving the *tér*, driven down by cold and the advancing autumn snows, the herds bake some special little cakes to bring back with them, and crowds of dancing, shouting boys and girls fall on their elder brothers demanding their share. Trust the Hunzukuts to stage a festival on the slightest provocation.

Our Ernest of the white horse reappeared unexpectedly from the *tér* in the middle of the season and walked over from Hasanabad to call on us and bring an offering of *brús* for DL and of wild mountain flowers for me. He had given his animals into a friend's charge, and taken a couple of days off because he was a member of the Hasanabad polo team and was wanted to play in an inter-village match. These matches rouse as much interest as Arsenal *versus* Chelsea, and a good player who is also the possessor of a good pony can ill be spared. I duly took a photo of him and The Cat, he no longer in the rôle of the humble *sais* but of the gentleman polo player. Stout fellow!

These early June days were the time for apricot and mulberry grafting. The cultivated fruit shoots are grafted on to wild trees. We watched the process, about which the Hunzukuts have little to learn. Each graft was given a double lashing of bark from mulberry root. We returned later and found them all thriving.

3x Lorimer L-3 (1929-4; 1934-5) 1935 AVT Burusho AVT

Sports.

Sports are represented by Polo for men who own or can borrow horses, and children's games. The women at certain seasons amuse themselves with games of ball and swinging. 526

Religion.

By religion the Burusho of Hunza are Muhammadans of the Isma'ili or, as they term it, Maulai sect, to which, however, they were converted from Shia-ism only three generations ago. 779

With the Maulais, restrictions, formalities and ritual are reduced to a minimum. The masjids of the former Shia days have been abandoned, and have been replaced in recent years by "jamā'atkhānas". There are no mullahs of the ordinary type. Instead there are khalifa (pl. khalifating; xali-fa, xali-fa-tiŋ), who are more servants of the public — being called in chiefly to perform the necessary ritual at marriages and funerals — than its spiritual leaders or teachers. Spiritual authority rests with the Pir, in this case 'Abdul Ma'ni, son of the late Shahzada Lais of Chitral. He himself now lives in Zēbāk. He replaced the honoured Pir Jalāli Shah, latterly resident in Ishkoman, who died in February 1931. Two of the latter's daughters were taken in succession as his principal wife by the present Tham of Hunza, which affords an indication of the Pir's status in the country. 795 793

Religious observances and prescriptions do not play any very evident part in the life of the Burusho of Hunza, but this does not appear to have any prejudicial effect on their character or conduct. They seem to have firmly planted in them the root of morality and the social and domestic virtues. The Maulais pay tribute to the Agha Khan, the head of the sect. The Burusho of Nagir are Shiahs (pl. Shiating; ši.a-tiŋ), a more rigorous and formal school, but they do not indulge in a fanatical interpretation of the duties and implications of religion. They mildly contemn the "mog[illegible]" (Maulais) as misguided heretics and imperfect Muslims. 788 795 798

Social and Administrative Organisation.

The life of the people is based on the family, and then on the village or community groups which live within definite geographical 621

000 *giri.ɛn* an ibex. *giri bi.ɛma?* are there any ibex? *giri halden* big male. *giri tsir* female. *giri žai.rt* male 2 or 3 years old. *giri du* kid. *hʌnumʌn giri tsirʌn bi* there is a single female ibex. 102.20. *giri.ɛ čʌp* ibex meat. 104.7. *giri amalo hʌlk'ičiɛn kɛ* where the ibex bear their young. 108.10. Cp. 108.12, 270.1.

●526 2. *g'irri -mats* x plaque about 2" × 1½", fixed on a small heap of earth and fired at with bows and arrows from horseback. It is made of dry pumpkin-shell, or, on state occasions of wood covered with silver foil. — *g'irri.ɛ čop nɛ de.ičʌn* making the mound for the mark, they set it up. 316.6. *amɪnɛ g'iri dəlimi kɛ* whoever hits the mark. 316.8.

000 *g'irkɪs* N. *girkits*, pl. *g'irkičo* x.

1. Small species of rat (intermediate in size between the European rat and mouse). — (*ʏʌlirɛ pfirinč*) *girkis dɛlʌɜr kuli kɛ api* there isn't a scrap of stick even to beat a rat with. Cp. 160.6.
2. Muscle (biceps and calf of leg). — *pini girkɪs* muscle of calf of leg. Cp. Latin mus: musculum.

(The plural *-čo* suggests that the N. form *girkits* is the original form of the singular).

girm'inʌɪ, girm'i-, Impv. *girm'in*, neg. *ʌk'ɪrmin*, Ppa. *nɪk'irmin*, to write.
Fut. 1st. sg. *gɪrmiyʌm.*
Pres. 1st. sg. *girmiya ba.*
Pret. 1st. sg. *ja girminʌm.*
girminimi "hikvlto mʌnimi" nɔɜɛ he wrote: "One day has passed". 52.8.
ja girmina ba. Gots girminɔmɔr uŋ bɔrɪn I have written it down. You look at this written statement. 52.21.

168 a

moon is waning. *Aalantzo argiaf* moonlight. *gure Aalaztetan* in this time of moon. EOL.

Aalí -eq, -iq *y* torchwood.

Aalúm, *Aalúm*, pl. *Aalúrgo*, *z* he-goat (full-grown, and in the case of domestic goats castrated). — *gírri Aalúm* a full-grown male ibex. 270.1.

Aalí pl. *Aaleq y* birch-bark (used as wrapping material and formerly as paper), Sh. *juf*. — *Aalí-ala maltat dumatzen* they wrap up butter in birch-bark. *gerom ílkwo Aalíyafe girmiñom* in former times they used to write on birch-bark. EOL. *gafe Aalíyafe girmin* write on this birch-bark. EOL.

Aalímoro -iq and *Aalímoriq*, *y* wager, bet, stake. — *Aalímoro elái* to make a wager. *Aalímoroa bafe pale* for a wager; pole-match played in which the losers present the winners with a sheep, goat, etc. *Aalímoroar bafe dalom.ze* they played pole for a stake. *Aalímoro oñi barn* they have paid up the stake to them. (Cp. Sh. *Aalíbero*).

1. *Aalkero*, *Aalk'íñ*, Pyr. *waal'alk'in*) to bear young, to give birth, (of mammalian animals).

Fut. 3rd. sg. *Aalkéri*.

Pres. 3rd. sg. *Aalkéri bí*.

Past. 3rd. sg. *Aalkíroni*.

gírri amalo Aalk'íñ.ze ke . . . where the ibex bear their young . . . 108.10. *berízko Aalkero díñor atze* take me to the bearing-place of the sheep i.e. where the sheep lamb. 108.24. Cp. 108.12,19,22,25. *mamaa: bera emkalq erita dorenanini ke* . . . If anyone's cow calving, gave birth to twins . . . 264.1. Cp. 66.21, 72.24. *Aan Aalqaro*

7. Tobo C.T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

526
291

Choosing sides for a polo match. Rakaposhi is in the background.

[facing p. 327]

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

CHAPTER 40

Amusements

Music In Hunza has been cultivated to a greater degree than many or most other arts and crafts. It is entirely different from the European or Western style of music. Authorities claim that the music of Hunza can be likened to that of the medieval European music. 533

It is interesting to note that a people so remotely placed away in a small aerie in the mountains, are so fond of music and they have their own types and kinds of instruments which are played by masters at the art.

In Hunza music is not purely for entertainment It is the essential ritual at all social functions and when the Mir returns from his visits to Altit and other parts of the country, he is greeted by the band playing music specifically prepared and used for such gala functions. Of course at the beginning of every polo match the band plays and plays and plays and continues playing till the end of the match. At every festival music is an 526

The dancers follow the music and keep time with it. The onlookers, in many cases, keep rhythm with their feet. The dancing and music go on until most of the spectators and the participants eventually leave. 535

One of their most useful instruments is known as a sitar. It is a wooden stringed instrument very much like our mandolin. Then there is the rebab. It is a much larger stringed instrument and is evidently identical with the Indian's rebab. Then they have their wind instruments, too. The first is the surnai. It is a big clarinet with an unusual, remarkable intensity of sound. Another unusual instrument is the tutek which is but a simple small wooden flute. The third type of wind instrument is the gabi which is a very long transverse flute. Its special use is in plays or music that includes fairies and is used chiefly for the fairies' incantation. Its music is exceedingly sweet sounding and very high pitched. And last but not least are the many kinds of drums. They come in all sizes from tiny ones that can be worn around the neck by a young boy to the big bass boom-boom. 534

Like all oriental forms of music, the Hunzan band seems to capture the true style so well known to the East . . . pleasing, high pitched sounds but with very little variation. After a little while all of the sounds seem the same and appear to be one repetition after another—most monotonous! 533

During the summer there is not much social life in the evenings because the people are tired. They work hard all day. But in the winter there is regular dancing and meetings with friends. 517

I would gather that the people of Hunza don't need sports too badly because life and living in Hunza compels the individual to be active. Thus, he doesn't have to indulge in sports to get exercise. 526

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

526 481 I do know, however, that tennis is played in Hunza because the Mir has a tennis court in an area around the garden. I also know that swimming is practiced because I saw a swimming pool at the Mir's summer home at Altit.

It was July when I was in Hunza and not one single person did I see swimming in either the Gilgit or Hunza Rivers or, for that matter, in any of the nullahs or creeks we passed.

I will admit that we had our feet soaked in most of them—some deliberately when resting and others in crossing, chiefly on foot because I didn't trust my horse. He has four slender legs with any of which he can get into trouble. I have only two to watch and worry over and they are sturdy and stocky, of the "Pict" type.

133 526 It would take a mighty good man or boy to swim in the nullahs in Hunza or the surrounding area: first, because the icy waters of the rivers or nullahs would freeze you to death in no time flat. The water, winter and summer, never gets much higher than the freezing point and I doubt if any human being or even these human polar bears could stand water like that. Besides, there are no clear calm patches that are without a devastating current.

From scrutinizing the area, I doubt very much if there are very many places along the entire reaches of the Hunza River that can be forded, even with mighty good animals, capable of swimming, at least during the spring and summer. I know of one well prepared expedition that tried to cross one of these rivers and came to grief.

526 Polo is the national game or sport of Hunza and of practically all the principalities in that area . . . and, brother, it is a wild and woolly game as played by these

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

hardy, mountaineering people. 526

Some authorities would have us believe that polo as a game had its origin in Tibet, which you can readily see is only a short hop from Hunza. Actually it is right on the border of what was properly old Tibet, but which the Chinese prefer to call Sinkiang. It is also known as Chinese Turkestan. 526 177

The word polo is actually a Tibetan word describing or meaning "root of the willow tree," for it was from the dried stumps of the willow tree that polo balls were originally made. The willow wood, from my intimate knowledge of the tree and the wood, would give quite a bit of bounce if made into a ball and that is exactly what was required.

From the best sources that I am able to dig into and locate, it seems that the modern game of polo as we know it throughout the West, originated in Persia. From there it found its way into Turkey and then it was adopted in India, Tibet, China and Japan. In 1869 the British saw it played in the Turkestan-Hunza regions and began to play it in India, where it became the favorite sport of the British army officers. That was well over 100 years ago. In 1869 it was also introduced into England where it caught on very quickly. Then it made its entrance into the United States in 1876.

Here is a strange fact. While many of the characteristics of the game have changed, the selfsame old willow ball is still used and one of the men still gallops down the center of the polo field and strikes the ball off into play. In the Western world it is the umpire who does this. In Hunza, it's still the Mir or some other distinguished personality. [643]

If any of you have had the opportunity of seeing a polo game in action—that is, Western polo—you might even then get the impression that it is a rough, some-

526 177 what dangerous game. But if you saw the selfsame sport played without an umpire, and only a score keeper, in Hunza, you'd probably think it the most bloodthirsty game in creation. And who am I to say it is or isn't!

Of course, the British changed the rules and regulations somewhat along the line of the Marquis of Queensbury, and a good thing, too, for our men aren't quite as tough as the Hunzans.

526 628 Practically every village in Hunza has a polo team and matches are being arranged continually . . . and the day of a match is really a red letter day for that village. The villagers may not have too much room for orchards and other farming, but they do have polo [311] fields. Invariably the best and flattest piece of land in [367] the area is used as a polo field. So you see, sport, for sport's sake, ranks high among the Hunzans and the Nagirwals as well.

526 367 The polo field at Baltit sits just below the old castle on the precipice and rather close to the school and the mosque . . . a sort of towering civic square, if it might be called that. A well-maintained low stone wall sur- [417] rounds the polo field.

While putting in my attendance at the polo field this day, I recalled that a few days previous I had followed a trail that led down from a cleft in this polo field to visit some of the Hunzan farms.

Above the raised wall, in places, are chairs and seating spaces for the spectators.

526 Everybody goes to the polo matches. And why not? [562] To these affairs even the women go. And even though [291] their clothes be drab their red, skillfully embroidered Hunzan hats make the spectacle glow with splendor and color.

[533] The Hunzan band is there to do the honors and

they play from the time the game starts until it finishes. I don't know who would be more tired . . . the musicians, the polo players or the excited, active, shouting spectators.

I paced off the field and counted 90 good paces long and 40 wide. This would make it approximately 270 x 120 feet. This is quite a bit smaller in size than the modern polo field which is 300 x 200 feet, and would tend to make the Hunzan sport more hazardous and nerve-racking.

Instead of goal posts they use two large white stones at either end.

The game was started into action by the Mir, in this case, who started off at the further end at a gallop. As he reached the center, he threw the ball high into the air and as it came down he clobbered it and the game—or the mad scramble—was on!

There are 6 players on each team and as the ball is pummeled from one place to another, the screams of the spectators and the players are more frenzied than those heard at a baseball game.

There are no rules—except that the team who scores 9 goals first is the winner, and the game doesn't stop until one of the teams has scored 9 goals. They don't have rest periods; they don't change horses or men; there are no penalties and no fouls. So you can just imagine the carryings-on.

If the ball is struck or bounces off the wall and is caught by one of the players, this permits him to ride through the goal posts and deposit the ball and score a goal . . . if the opposition will let him! Any means can be and usually are undertaken to prevent him from reaching the goal to which he is entitled to proceed. If they're bold enough and strong enough, they can even pull him from his mount.

•526 They seldom ever score 9 goals in less than an hour and many times a game will last half a day. And [533] through all this gleeful yelling and shouting—everybody seems to scream like mad—the band is playing its martial tunes.

When a player scores a goal, he proceeds to pick up the ball and follow the same procedure as the Mir did when he started the action. He races madly down the field, screaming and yelling at the top of his lungs. With the scoring of every goal they change ends; that is, what was the first team's goal now becomes their opponent's goal.

[164] From Gilgit to Altit, whenever I saw someone who had a broken nose or some other definite sign of body injury, I would know even before inquiring, that it was gained in honor on the polo field.

[535] When at last one of the teams scored 9 goals and the game was finished, both teams took part in a dance. The winning team dances first and when they have completed their dance, the losing team do their stint. How they could have the strength and energy required to dance, after hours of unrelenting top-pitch physical activity is more than any Westerner can understand.

The horsemanship displayed at the polo matches beggars that seen at western rodeos. In fact, a Hunzan polo game makes the wildest of rodeos seem almost tame. When it comes to horsemanship, you'd have to go a long way to get anyone to beat these tough, hardy mountaineers.

[164] So furious was the game that I inquired if anyone was ever killed playing polo. The Mir replied that he had never heard of any fatalities from a polo game, but that on many occasions a player was incapacitated. I [743] felt that it would be a good idea if they could build their polo fields close to the hospital at Aliabad!

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

In discussing the Hunzan game of polo with some friends, when they heard me mention the fact that the best and largest piece of flat land was used for a polo field, they said, "Now, John, this is very contradictory. You claim they are intelligent people and every bit of arable land is needed and used for cultivation and now you tell me that the best piece of land and the largest level space is used for a polo field!"

My reply was, "What I've told you is absolutely true, but sometimes there are considerations involved which neither you nor I nor others in the Western world understand. For example, could we ever explain to the people of Hunza why we rush, swish, hurry and risk our necks driving down the highways, actually risking life and limb—not only our own, but countless others—only to get to our destination . . . and there do nothing!

"Or there is another example that may be even better. A man in America strives all his life to achieve the means of acquiring a home with all modern conveniences and comforts, including every electrically operated appliance or gadget devised to save time and effort. Then when this victory is achieved, he tries to get enough money to buy a summer cottage way up north. There he parks his family for the summer. Then over every weekend he drives hundreds of miles to get there and when he gets there what has he got? Outdoor plumbing, no hot water, no garbage disposal, no electricity—using a lamp or even a candle for light and carrying every bucket of water in from the lake or the creek. You just try to explain that to a Hunzan. There is no more rhyme and reason in one than there is in the other. But who am I to judge?"

It is a positive fact that the men in Hunza do beat their wives. I checked and double checked on this rather important question. The Mir told me he knew

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burush. AV7

following each other round and round in a circle— sometimes with sword and shield and the usual flourishes, sometimes with nothing in their hands, now posturing slowly, again flying round with long jumps and steps. In Nagar every one dances—the younger sons of the Thum, Wazirs, and the common herd, all take part. In the pre-Mahomedan days the women also danced, and I should not be surprised if amongst themselves they did not even now join in, but, of course, not on a state occasion, or before strangers. Immediately after the dance came a couple of hours of polo, still to the accompaniment of the band, which played just below our tents, and whose monotonous noise became maddening.

In the evening I dismissed the son of the Hunza Wazir, who had come with letters from the Thum, with my answer and a present. He was good enough to express himself quite satisfied personally, at which I was surprised, for he was wearing a coat of velvet covered with gold embroidery, worth at least five-and-twenty pounds, the outcome of Lockhart's lavish habits of largesse. It was a much more magnificent garment than any I had to give his master, and of much greater value than the present I could afford to give him. He informed me, however, that a scoundrel with him, to whom I had given some money and a choga, was going away hopeless, because I had not promised to renew to him a pension which his father had drawn from the Kashmir Durbar. They were difficult people to deal with in some ways, showed no sense of proportion in making their demands, and really, I believe, could not understand that there must be some limit to one's power of giving rewards.

1: Leitner L-3 (1866-93) 1893? AVS Dard AVS
Burusho AV7

D 526 Rustem Ali who, like a famous player of the same name at Mardo, was passionately fond of the game, and had been thrown from his horse. The place of meeting near Astor is called the Eedgah. The game is called TOPE in Astor, and the grounds for playing it are called SHAJARAN. At D [177] Gilgit the game is called BULÁ, and the place SHAWARAN. The latter names are evidently of Tibetan origin.

B The people are also very fond of target practice, shooting [526] with bows, which they use dexterously but in which they D do not excel the people of Nagyr and Hunza. Game is 224 much stalked during the winter. At Astor any game shot on the three principal hills—*Tshhamô*, a high hill opposite the fort, *Demídeldèn* and *Tshólokot*—belong to the Nawab of Astor—the sportsman receiving only the head, legs and a haunch—or to his representative, then the Tahsildar Munshi Rozi Khan. At Gilgit everybody claims what he may have shot, but it is customary for the Nawab to receive some share of it. Men are especially appointed to watch and track game, and when they discover their whereabouts notice is sent to the villages from which parties issue, accompanied by musicians, and surround the game. Early in the morning, when the "Lóhe" dawns, the musicians begin to play and a great noise is made which frightens the game into the several directions where the sportsmen are placed.

D The guns are matchlocks and are called in Gilgiti 411 "*turmàk*" and in Astór "tumák." At Gilgit they manu- B facture the guns themselves or receive them from Badakh- 411 shan. The balls have only a slight coating of lead, the inside generally being a little stone. The people of Hunza and Nagyr invariably place their guns on little wooden pegs which are permanently fixed to the gun and are called "Dugazá." The guns are much lighter than those manufactured elsewhere, much shorter and carry much smaller bullets than the matchlock of the Maharajah's troops. They carry very much farther than any native Indian gun and are fired with almost unerring accuracy. For "small shot"

11 Leitner L-3 (1866-68) 1893? AV3 Dard
Shrushe AV 7

I. POLO IN HUNZA-NAGYR.

526 ALTHOUGH our first practical knowledge of "Polo" was derived from the Manipuri game as played at Calcutta, it is not Manipur, but Hunza and Nagyr, that maintain the original rules of the ancient "Chaughán-bazi," so famous in Persian history. The account given by J. Moray Brown for the "Badminton Library" of the introduction of Polo into England (Longmans, Green & Co., 1891), seems to me to be at variance with the facts within my knowledge, for it was introduced into England in 1867, not 1869, by one who had played the Tibetan game as brought to Lahore by me in 1866, after a tour in Middle and Little Tibet. Since then it has become acclimatized not only in England, but also in Europe. The Tibet game, however, does not reach the perfection of the Nagyr game, although it seems to be superior to that of Manipur. Nor is Polo the only game in Hunza-Nagyr. "Shooting whilst galloping" at a gourd filled with ashes over a wooden scaffold rivals the wonderful performances of "archery on horseback," in which the people of Hunza and Nagyr (not "Nagar," or the common Hindi word for "town," as the telegram has it) are so proficient. Nor are European accompaniments wanting to these Central Asian games; for prizes are awarded, people bet freely in Hunza as they do here, they drink as freely, listen to music, and witness the dancing of lady charmers, the Dayál, who, in Hunza, are supposed to be sorceresses, without whom great festivities lose their main attraction. The people are such keen sportsmen that it is not uncommon for the Tham, or ruler, to confiscate the house of the unskilful hunter who has allowed a Markhôr (Ibex) that he might have shot to escape him. Indeed, this even happens when a number of Markhôrs are shut up in an enclosure, "*tsá*," as a preserve for hunting. The following literally translated dialogue regarding Polo and its rules tells an attentive reader more "between the lines" than pages of instructions:—

POLÓ=Bolá.—The Raja has ordered many people: To-morrow Polo I will play. To the musicians give notice they will play.
Hast thou given notice, O (thou)?
Yes, I have given notice, O Nazúr; let me be thy offering (sacrifice).
Well, we will come out, that otherwise it will become (too) hot.
The Raja has gone out for Polo; go ye, O (ye); the riders will start.
Now divided will be, O ye! (2) goals nine nine (games) we will do (play). Tola-half (=4 Rupees) a big sheep bet we will do.
Now bet we have made. To the Raja the *ball* give, O ye, *striking* (whilst galloping) he will take.
O ye, efforts (search) make, young men, to a man disgrace is death; you your own *party* abandon not; The Raja has taken the *ball to strike*; play up, O ye musicians!
Now descend (from your horses) O ye; Tham has come out (victorious); now again the day after to-morrow, he (from fatigue) *recovering Poló* we will strike (play).
Rules:—The musical instruments of Polo; the ground for the game; the riders; the goals; 9, 9 games let be (nine games won); the riders nine one side; nine one (the other) side; when this has become (the case) the drum (Tsagàr) they will strike.
First the Tham takes the ball (out into the Maidan to strike whilst galloping at full speed).
The Tham's *side* upper part will take.
The rest will strike from the lower part (of the ground).
Those above the goal when becoming will take to the lower part.
Those below the goal when becoming to above taking the ball will send it flying.
Thus being (or becoming) whose goal when becoming, the ball will be sent flying and the musicians will play.
Whose nine goals when has become, they issue (victorious).